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GREEN or BLACK Stimulates and aids digestion and tones up the system as well. In these respects it is unlike coffee and is therefore a boon to all with whom coffee disagrees. Its full boly and rich flavor make it a sp'endid breakfast beverage. Its use will improve your health.

HOW TO MAKE IT-Use half the quantity as of other ten, fresh boiling water.

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is not a drunkard upon earth whom Or rine will fall to cure. It is a scientific remedy the drink habit, discovered by a well-known Washington chemist, and completely and absolutely destroys the craving for drink. No detention from work or business; no publicity of sanitarium treat-

Orrine No. 1 is in powder form, and can be given secretly, without the patient's knowledge, in tea, coffee or food. Orrine No. 2 is in pill form, for those who take the remedy of their own free will. There is no nausea or other ill-effects from the use of Orrine. On the other hand, it quiets the nerves, regulates diggestion and brings restful sleep, good appetite and perfect vigor. Write to the Orrine Company, Inc., Washington, D. C., for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope, freedom from the slavery of drink. Ask us about

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NESS AND ALL STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES. NEVER FAILS THE

Try ONE CASE and you will get better and more lasting results than you ever had before in your life. Follow directions for a Permanent Cure. As a blood purifier it has no equal. -AT ALL DRUGGISTS'-

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of Italy and Spain. Would not such a magazine appeal to you? (To be continued tomorrow.)



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FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS

Antiseptic and Hygienic.

A HAIR INVIGORATOR .- Just what its name implies. It supplies nourishment, the elements of growth, which, when absorbed by the hair, trengthens and beautifies it in the same way that sap glorifies the follage of a tree. Even when the follicles are seemingly dead, if the scalp is massaged daily with Mme. Yale's Hair Tonic a vigorous growth will be produced. It has honestly ea ned its title of "the great hair grower," It timulates the most stunted growth and makes the

pair magnificently healthy and beautiful.

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rigor and youthfulness throughout life.

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Large Size . . . 79c. Medium Size . . . 42c. Small Size . . . 19c.

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Small size, 10c. All dealers sell it. Get silverware in exchange for trade-marks from cans.

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Burchell's "Spring Leaf" Tea. Really unsurpassed in fine, delicate, always even flavor. 50c. lb. N. W. Burchell,

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As Told of the Major. "I don't know anything about that," the president was saying, as, some ten days publishes six really great stories in later, he was in argument with certain of the faculty in his library. Professors Sharpe, Lorimer and others, a committee zine that draws on the whole of the of five, had expressed a desire to be 'heard," as the condition of affairs in world's literature could easily give higher collegiate circles was that usually described as "strained relations." In point of fact there had been a serious spit in the circle—Professor Beerbohm and one or two of similar pith having declared their intention of resigning forthwith. the rich treasures that are hidden from the average English-speaking reader—stories filled with the life and brilliancy of France; with the case against Fanc. One feminine member of the corps of instructors had added her announcement to that of Beerbohm, and, despite her years of service, possibly bewith the realism of Russia; with the pathos and aspiration of the North; cause of her years, she, too, had encountered no violent opposition—Miss Hinton. One feminine member of that corps, withand with the romance and glamour out announcement other than that recorded in a previous page, had summarily tendered her resignation; had declined to re-consider; had declined to receive the pres-ident when he came, as he said, to "set matters straight," and had with cold but scrupulous courtesy listened unbending to the pleadings of the president's wife. Miss Hoyt, as yet at least, saw no room for reconciliation. Moreover, Miss Hoyt and her father had gone east just as soon as the young man recogn zed as Hayden, and now known to be Hoyt, was pronounced out of danger of death. It was to plead for his relief from other danger they had hastened to Washington-that of arrest for

Capt. Fane had not yet resumed his duties at the college, and a rumor was in circulation that he had received an offer of a much better billet, which rumor had caused a stir in the battalion and an appeal to the powers. Sharpe and Lorimer, at least, knew that General Sheridan had directed that as soon as Fane felt able he should come to him at division headquar-ters. The little general had not forgotten the older division commander with whom he had served at Chattanooga. Sharpe and Lorimer had been devoted to Fane in his hours of bitter trial, and the strained relations in the faculty had grown from the fact that the president, having been largely instrumental in bringing Fane to grief-of course "in the best interests of the college"-could not now expect to be taken into friendship or fellowship. Nevertheless he did so expect, and was ag-grieved and offended that, beyond the cold respect accorded him as head of the insti-tution. Fane, as he put it, "had shown an unchristian spirit and declined to be mollified." The good doctor could not under-stand such contumacy. No man on earth could assail or impugn the rectitude of his intentions, and, because his intentions were unimpeachable, the results, whatever they were, should be accepted by all loyal collegians whatever their degree. Sharpe had amazed him by asking whether he had made amende or apology of any kind, and finally Sharpe and his colleagues had for-

mally asked to be heard. Now, people asking to be heard by the president had noted these facts. If he felt no interest in the matter they could talk, uninterrupted, until the call of time. If, however, he felt much interest they could hardly talk at all. The president would take up the running, and they who had isked for a hearing found as a result that 'Prex" was the only one heard. "I don't know anything about that." he was again saying, while they sat discomfited and he strode the floor. "What I maintain is that this college is not the proper place for midnight prowlings and mysterious movements of any kind. I disapprove the idea of pro-fessors promenading at all hours under the windows of our women teachers or their pupils, either-especially in the dead of

That was not Captain Fane at all, as we all know, and as we think you know, Mr. President, interrupted Sharpe unhapplly,

the doctor with uplifted hand. "Mr.-er-Captain Fane was the only man actually seen or reported to me as having been seen there at night, and my action was based on what I then knew and believed, not by what we have heard since, and with this, I appre-hend, Mr. Fane should be satisfied." "With this, Mr. President, in all deference," replied Professor Sharpe, "I apprehend Captain Fane will not be satisfied. I certainly should not. I doubt if the trustees or the public will be. There has been an entire revulsion of sentiment since the unmasking of Stetson, and now that that precious pair are shown in their true light Captain Fane looms up rather as a martyr."

"I don't know anything about—" began the president hastily, but he balked at the last word. He did know something about it. He had seen many an indication pointing to just the conclusion heralded by Sharpe, and, even to himself, the president couldn't lie. It had been dawning upon him couldn't lie. It had been dawning upon him couldn't lie. It had been dawning upon him that the trustees, the college, the public, would actually expect of him something more than rectitude of intention. It was beginning to come home to him, and not entirely because of Sharpe's vehement expressions, that something more than as-surance of gratification was due from him to Fane, and when once the president saw a duty the president was the man to go and do it. But the president had been bewil-dered, small wonder, by the remarkable array of facts that, one after another, came to light after the arrest of Stetson.

Of him, the latest victim of a combina-tion of circumstances, it may be said at once there was little likelihood of his living to expiate his crime or atone for his mis-For Sale

Solarine—the easiest,

Quickest, whitest,
brightest metal polish

you ever heard of.

Small size you All dealers sell it doing. Stetson was a doomed man, and himself on the mercy of his captors and needlessly told the whole miserable story. Detail for detail it proved to be, so far as the father's part was concerned, substantially true. There was a conscience-smitten. ten woman, too, to corroborate. There was "Hayden" Hoyt, in his turn, to whisper feeble assent. There was the comparatively strange young man who worked and dwelt on the Hawkins place east of town-he who had been long away in the army or navy-to add his testimony. There were Schwartzkopf and his burly wife. There

Schwartzkopf and his burly wife. There were Scullin and other hands at the college farm. There was old Duggan. There was even, finally, Ethel Hoyt.

Long years had Stetson lived at Groveton, building up from small beginnings a big, if disreputable, business, and acquiring the powers of a ward boss and machine politician. Of his past he had chosen to say little that was reliable. The boy who came with him was the one creature for whom he showed affection. So long as he remained poor there was none to dog his footsteps. So soon as he became rich, and his riches were referred to abroad, he began to hear from kindred and former friends who for a decade had forgotten him, and through these eventually came the story of his early life. He hailed from an eastern state. His father had been a prosperous business may who when he had the colleges. for whom he showed affection. So long as he remained poor there was none to dog he remained poor there was none to dog and empty boxes in his cellar; field through the first state of the strove to arouse Captain Fane. The strong has been and the referred to above the beat; was tossed agained that story was sobled out with a boxe light was burning. He had urged that story was sobled out with a rear door into the night and, daring the and his riches were referred to above the boat; was tossed agained, the loss the boat; was tossed agained that story was sobled out with a rear door into the night and daring the deep to Cholago, but had a story of his early life. He ally came the story of his earl

manding money, and more money, and poor Stetson, infatuated, begged, borrowed, and Pigyott finally put in his way to steal for her. The father condoned and forgave, which was not what Piggott expected. He had come home from somewhat fruitful ventures, and had much more means than Stetson, who had none. He felt the spell of that young woman's beauty, and himself became infatuated. It was not long before there was another big theft, a bigger one there was another big theft, a bigger one than before, and it was proved again against Stetson. Friends and neighbors by this time were whispering that he was more sinned against than sinning, and so it presently proved. Piggott, for a time, was missing. Stetson took his little boy, the few dollars his aging father would give him, and shook the dust of the home town from his feet. The elders lived but a shor time. Piggott came back and took up the business. The lady in the case, "deserted" by her husband, was given a divorce, and presently reigned as Mrs. Piggott. The community didn't like them, and they moved away. Piggott would have said west, but that was where Stetson had gone, so they went still farther east, where it was not many years before Piggott regretted him of his bargain, if not of his sins. The war came on, and he was not sorry to leave her in peace. Piggott was a good worker. He worked into a captaincy and then into a recruiting detail, and while so occupied got the ear of the governor, and higher rank in a new regiment. Luck helped him to a lieutenant colonelcy in the course of the second year of the war, dur-ing which, from first to last, he was never in action, yet "the defenses of Washing a hair-raising fright in the summer of '63, the capital once more breathed free, when the gray columns fell back beaten from Gettysburg, with lavish generosity the gov-ernment rewarded the defenders who hadn't had to defend, and the end of the war found him a captain of regulars, with a medal of honor for presumable heroism, safely employed mustering and disbursing and laying up treasures upon earth. Fi-nally, as we have seen, he was sent to Arizona a major, and by this time Mrs. Pig-gott, who had long before tired of him, began to think it might be a good thing to shine in army society, and so took to pursuit of him. There were suits at law where once the suits had been in love, and the absent major got the worst of the decision. A veritable harridan the lady proved, and then, in the extremities that followed, poor Piggott bethought him of his now influential and wealthy brother in Groveton, Sure ly if any man should be grateful to him is was he, Stetson, whom Piggott had relieved of a scold, a shrew and a rank extravagance. Piggott never dreamed how much the poor fellow had loved her, or how he loved, cherished and lied for that son. Lied to him, as it proved, for Stetson had taught the boy to believe that the woman who had robbed and wronged him, the father, had been an angel of love on earth, had long been an angel of light in heaven. Ever such as Stetson have their vein of sentiment.

And this then was the whip the major found he might crack when Stetson father, cursed and refused to aid him. Piggott swore he would reveal the mother's shame to Stetson, the son. Brute that the younger brother had been in many a way that was the one thing he could not stand The boy wasn't worth the tenth part o the love and the lies that had been lavished on him. It may well be doubted if he would have been confounded or crushed by the tidings Piggott threatened to break to him, but Stetson, the father, saw fit to believe in the boy, and so temporized with the

for he needed it. He won a point or two, also, by promising Stetson evidence to dis-grace Fane, whom Stetson hated for expelling his son. He was not, however, prepared to go the lengths the Stetson planned. They lured Fane into the wes grove at night, and had a trusted pair o fellow blackguards on hand to "do him up." The plan was simply to beat, kick, maim and mutilate the arrogant officer, but Piggott's nerve, or conscience, revolted when, at the last moment, that plan re-vealed itself. The brutes might have done worse than they did but for two things. Piggott yelled for help; was grappled by Stetson, and in course of the struggle the latter's pistol went off and its bullet ripped. Piggott's fleshy thigh, disabling him. The other thing was the prompt and sudder rush to the scene of an active young fel low, wielding a hickory stick with which in one blow, he flattened out Stetson, unior; then furiously turned on the other 'toughs' and put them to flight, and finally, charging upon Stetson and his half-blinded son, as they stumbled with the crippled man to the faintly lighted shore, all as suddenly as he had appeared dropped his bludgeon and drove into the bushes. In that brief instant Piggott, the officer, and Hayden, the deserter, had recognized each other. It might be hard to say which was the more dismayed.

Stetson's boat was in waiting, old 'Dummy" at the oars. Young Stetson took the carriage at Cedar Point, drove home and sent for aid. Old Stetson lugged Piggott to the island; learned from him the identity of the rescuer; laid a trap for young Hayden, who was swiftly sandbagged a night or two later and borne a prisoner to the Poset where your these transfers. prisoner to the Roost, where now the astute politician conceived he had two valuable tools in his hands, both of whom could be made to do his bidding. But, in his triumph, he took to drink, lost his wits, bullied and threatened both. Piggott almost escaped him and was only overhauled after he had got safely to shore. In the furious quarrel that followed Piggott was shot and almost killed. Then Stetson realized his artist allowed Piggott was ized his awful dilemma. His son, one o two of their accomplices and this young man, Hayden, had all heard his threats to kill Piggott if he failed him, and now, though he never meant, with all his hatred, to go so far, he had fired what proved to be the fatal shot. He did not know that Piggott, either fearing some such fate or hating the man he had so wronged, had put in writing the mother's story and given it to the son, "To be opened in case anything happens to me." Had Stetson known it he might have felt even less compunction.

But suspicion had not as yet attached to him. Piggott might not die, and Hayden could not betray him so long as he was safely penned at the island. It might even be possible, by insinuation, to implicate Fane, and Stetson did his best so to do with the result we have noted. Then came the collapse. The doctor told him Piggott was sinking. Stetson's nerve falled him and he sent his son away, preparing himself to follow as soon as he could silence young Hayden, who had been making mad attempts to escape and who must have succeeded in signaling to the shore, for another strange young man had rowed to the Roost and inquired pertinaciously for him. Then came a mad interview with his prisoner, whom he sought both to bribe and bully, and who damned and defied him. The storm had begun to rage, and, in spite of it, came that dreaded pursuit from shore, with news for him that he dare not hear. In his horror he believed they had fathomed his secret and were come to seize him. The witness, at least, they should never have. Hayden's leg was in splints; it had been snapped below the knee in his furious struggles when waylaid and tossed into the boat. Stetson hurriedly half gagged him and bound him; capsized his kerosene lamp in the huge pile of straw and empty boxes in his cellar; fled through

To the Insuring Public

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Philadelphia, On the 7th day of December, 1904, by its Board of Trustees, unanimously adopted the following res-

"BE IT RESOLVED by the Trustees of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Pa., in order that its policy-holders may have full and exact knowledge of its business management and of the security and character of its investments, that the President of the Company request the Insurance Commissioner of Pennsylvania, together with the Insurance Commissioners of Massachusetts and Wisconsin, either in person or by deputies, to make a full and complete examination of the affairs and investments of the Company, as provided for by law, said examination to be made as early as can be arranged after the closing of the accounts of the Company for the current year."

The request of the Trustees was granted, and on the first day of February, 1905, the examination was begun, and concluded on the 24th day of April. The official representatives of the three departments, with their assistants and appraisers, in all some fifty persons, covered every detail of the business management and the character and security of the company's assets. The complete and detailed report of the examiners is too voluminous for publication in the press, but has been printed in pamphlet form and will be furnished on application to the Home Office of the Company in Philadelphia, or to any of its authorized agents in the United States.

The condensed findings of the examiners are included in the following:

COMMENTS OF THE COMMISSIONERS

"THERE WERE PREPARED and submitted to the officers of The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company such questions as were deemed necessary for them to answer. Attached hereto the same may be found as a part of this report.

"AS CALLED FOR in the resolution adopted by the Board of Trustees of the Company, a FULL AND COMPLETE examination of the Company was made, and its affairs subjected to the CLOSEST POSSIBLE SCRUTINY."

"THE FINDINGS SUBMITTED by the examiners show that the net surplus of the Company, as of December 31st, 1904, should be \$4,490,498.66 instead of \$4,231,261.22, MAK-ING A SURPLUS LARGER by \$259,237.44 THAN CLAIMED in the annual statement of the Company. All of the Company's assets have been appraised by competent experts employed in this examination, and the increased surplus shown arises from the CONSERVATIVE VALUATION of assets by the management.'

"THE CHARTER OF THE COMPANY, granted February 24th, 1847, provides fully for its operation on a purely mutual basis, and it HAS NO CAPITAL STOCK. The Trustees are elected directly by the body of policy holders. NO PROXY VOTING being permitted; and the officers are, in turn, elected by the Trustees, no one of whom is eligible to official position.'

"THE OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES exercise CONSTANT. INTELLIGENT AND FAITHFUL supervision over all features of the Company's business."

"THE REAL ESTATE HOLDINGS were examined by compatent appraisers selected in the various localities, with the result that the valuations obtained are \$387,699.76 IN EXCESS of those claimed by the Company

"THE MORTGAGE AND LOAN DEPARTMENTS are well organized and administer their respective duties with commendable caution and skill."

"THE LOANS ON COLLATERAL are amply margined. The stocks and bonds owned were carefully counted, and the market value ascertained through bond experts, with the result shown that the values claimed by the Company are

"IN ADDITION TO THE LEGAL REQUIREMENTS the Company has voluntarily set aside \$1,062,679 in order to meet any possible contingencies in the way of lower interest rates or excessive mortality.

"THE EXPENSE OF OBTAINING NEW BUSINESS has been kept at a normal figure, and no disposition has been found to unduly develop the writing of insurance upon Deferred Dividend Plans. On these the dividends are apportioned annually, and the interests of the policy holders are fully guarded by the terms of the contracts and the practice of the Company.'

"THE AGENCY BRANCH, looking at the annual product of new business, has been conducted with due economy and with fidelity to the interests of policy holders."

"THE SELECTION OF RISKS is in competent hands, as the very excellent mortality experience of the Company indicated. The Company is operating in practically all the states and territories of the United States, and on December 31, 1904, has upon the 'paid for' basis 140,798 policies outstanding, insuring \$332,016,287."

'Although an examination of this kind naturally interferes with the routine work of the office, the officers and employes of the Company rendered every assistance within their power to the examiners, and cheerfully complied

ISRAEL W. DURHAM, Insurance Commissioner, Pennsylvania. FRED'K L. CUTTING, Insurance Commissioner, Massachusetts. ZENO M. HOST, Insurance Commissioner, Wisconsin.

It is with pleasure and satisfaction that the Trustees and Officers have received and now publish the report of the Commissioners. In the future as in the past they will strive to fulfill the mission of A PURELY MUTUAL COMPANY, confining their efforts to transacting business within the lines laid down in its Charter and By-Laws and in strict compliance therewith.

HARRY F. WEST, President.

For full information relative to all forms of Purely Mutual Life Insurance, apply or write to

> T. JANNEY BROWN, General Agent, 1319 F St. N. W., Washington, D. C. WOLF & COHEN, General Agent, 700-706 14th St., Washington, D. C.

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and strengthening to both the hair and scalp that even a 25c. bottle of it is often enough to show wonderful improvements It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sorout out all over the scalp, and grow abundantly, long and beautiful. Use it every day for awhile, after which two or three times a week will be enough to complete whatever growth you desire.

Now at all druggists, in three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.

FREE. To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to any one who sends this advertisement to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and

Miss CARRIE WILSON, 3728 64th place, Chicago. ten cents in silver or stamps to pay postage. For Sale and Guaranteed by HENRY EVANS, 922, 924 F Street N.W.

now the purpose. Stetson appeared that night, late, at some of his customary haunts. An alibi, Rollis saw days after,

perts-and in the drunken affray that fol- shore, a roundabout way home, but he saw lowed downed that sergeant in self-defense After that Arizona was no place for him After that Arizona was no place for him. No officers were at hand to protect. His liberty, if not his life, was imperiled, and he fled to San Bernardino with his friend. There they separated; Hayden to find a way to his kindred; Rollis, the honorably discharged soldier, to his old home near Groveton. There, some months after, a hunted man, Hayden reached him, saying his sister was now at the college. ing his sister was now at the college but that he had to meet her by but that he had to meet her by stealth because of the presence of the lieutenant who had saved his life at Tonto Pass. Hayden told Rollis of the affray at the west grove, and then, a few nights later, disappeared. Rollis, seeing, finally, the candle signals at the island, conjectured that his friend had fallen into Stetson's clutches. Not knowing what else to do he strove to arouse Captain Fane, whose light was burn'ng. He had urged Hayden to go to Fane and surrender, as

night, late, at some of his customary haunts. An alibi, Rollis saw days after, might be needed. He had heard no sound of shot or struggle westward toward Cedar Point, but then the wind was blowing the wrong way. He did hear, shortly after they passed, the sound of three shots, and saw the flash of one, half a mile farther east, where a wooded point projected a few rods into the lake. This excited him, and he hurried thither to investigate, following the path through the woods and so on into the main streets of town, and did not see a soul. There were boathouses and moored boats along the shore between the wood and Mrs. Jamieson's home, There were and Mrs. Jamieson's home. There were several lanes and streets leading to the thickly settled neighborhood, and he found no one, nor did he know who did the shooting, until long days after Fane explained it.
Fane had been warned that evening of a project to take all the doors of the gymnasium from their hinges, throw them out

shock, he whirled about and shouted something, probably, "Halt, you cowards!" and started in pursuit. Two harmless shots were fired by the runaways, and in his exasperation he drew and replied. Then in shame and weakness, both, gave up and sank upon a bench. He was still white and shaken when he got home. The revolver had seemed to discharge itself, before he had grasped the stock, and while two fingers were yet along the cylinder. He was examining the cylinder when he went to close the side door, and a light he had not noted earlier shone from the island. He went the length of the back garden to study it and it disappeared. Returning fie encountered Jane and—that was all. But who was to tell Jane's story? Jane, who probably had suffered most of all! To Ronald, and to Ronald alone, at the time, that story was sobbed out with a world of sisterly shame, sorrow and contrition, and what she told him we others never knew till many a year thereafter. knew till many a year thereafter.

There was another sore troubled spirit at

There was another sore troubled spirit at Groveton the week that saw young Hoyt's convalescence assured, the father and daughter gone to Washington (where State Senator Betts was not needed in the appeal for pardon for the young deserter) and Captain Fane restored to duty, if not to health. Certain few of the faculty, who thought it the policy of wisdom to hold that the president could do no wrong, were striving to point out to him that the were striving to point out to him that the manifold symptoms of wrongdoing on part manifold symptoms of wrongdoing on part of Captain Fane were quite sufficient warrant for all the presidential strictures and measures at that officer's expense. "I don't know anything about that," said he, as he turned impatiently from such scholastic tender of sympathy. "It seems I was wrong, and I shall go to Mr.-er-Captain Fane and say so and a—Reerboby.